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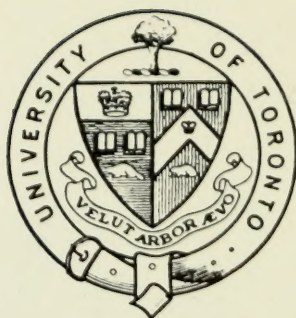
Songs  
of the  
Real.

MAY DONEY.

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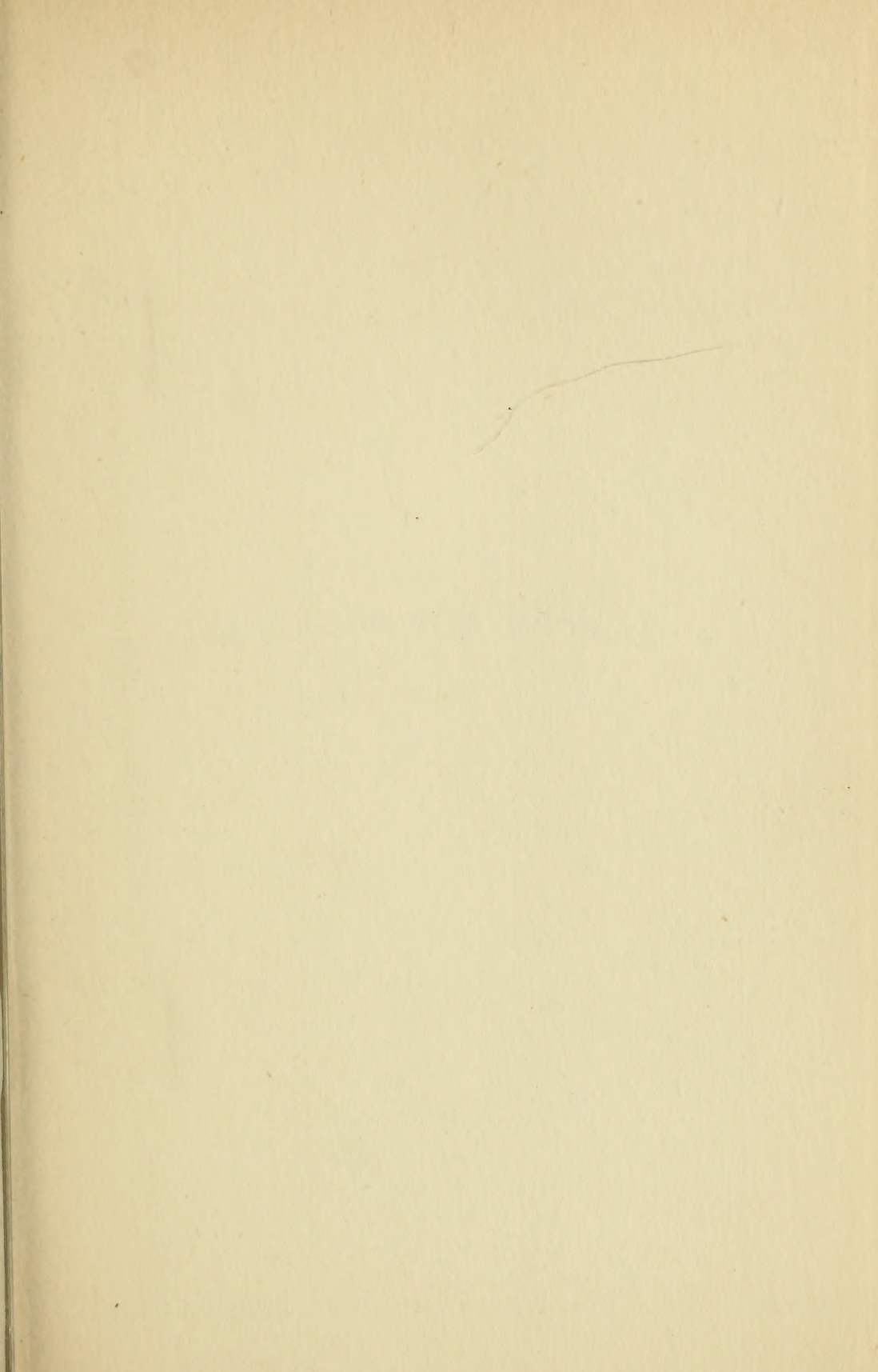
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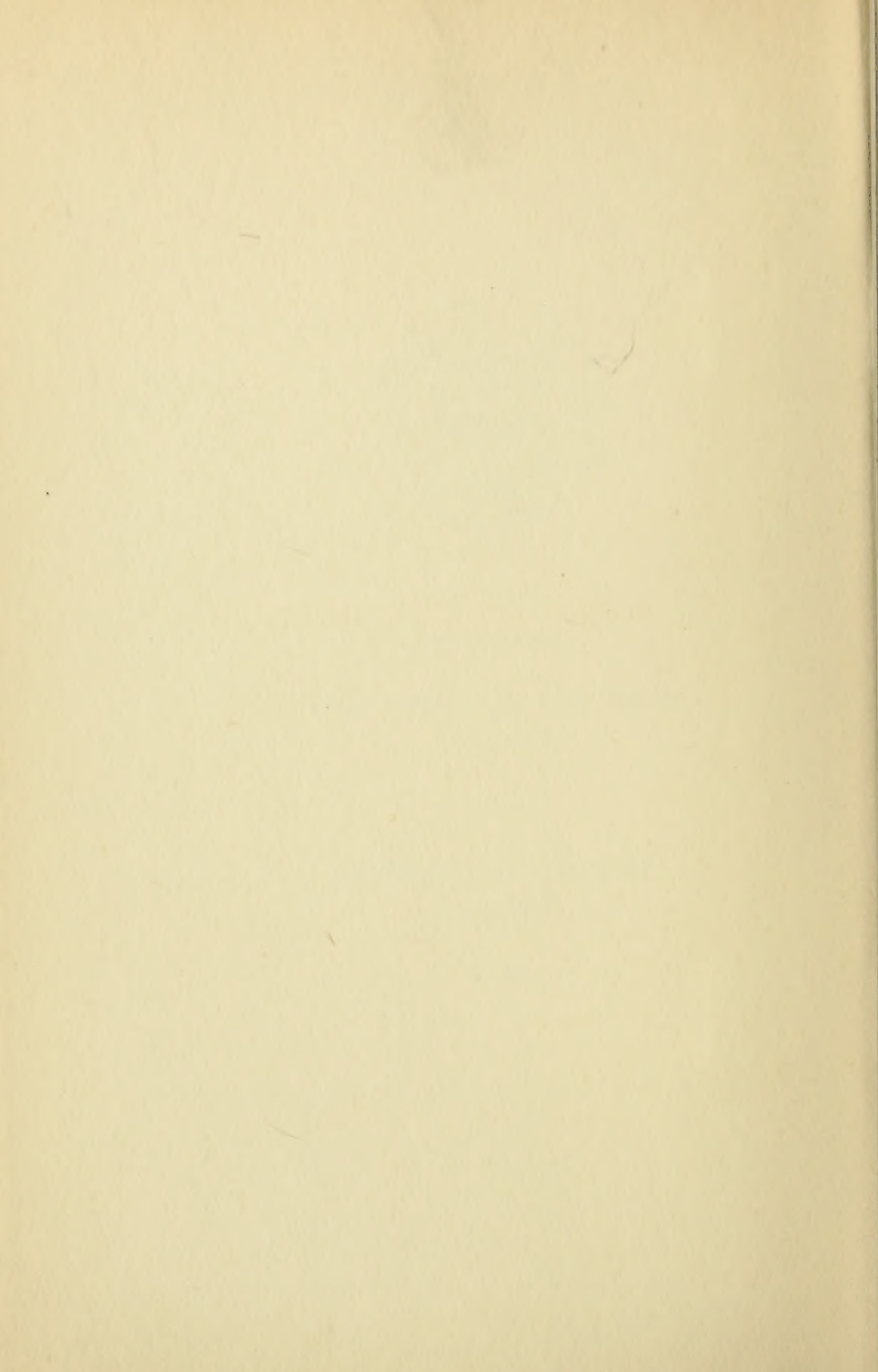


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SONGS OF THE REAL

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# SONGS OF THE REAL

BY

MAY DONEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF WONDER"  
"THE LITTLE COAT OF DREAMS," ETC.)

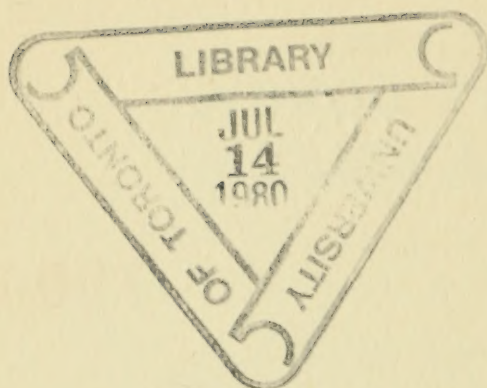
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"BEAUTY IS TRUTH, TRUTH BEAUTY"

KEATS

SECOND EDITION

METHUEN & CO.  
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.  
LONDON



*First Published* - - - - *August 1905.*

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## TO MY FRIEND.

---

TO one who saw  
The little spark  
Of my soul draw  
Into the dark  
Above the rim  
Of troubled years,  
Fugitive, dim,  
A light of tears,  
And, seeing, cried  
"Thy trembling dream,  
Though now denied,  
Afar shall gleam,"  
Let this book be  
The burning back  
Of prophecy  
That traced my track  
Before the world  
Would understand,—  
A dream's star curled  
Within the hand.

M. D.

*Brothers and sisters! if you love my singing—  
Yea, if you find the bread sweet, the wine clear—  
Bless me a little in return by bringing  
Yet others to receive my rapture here.*

---

*Into so many words I have been broken,  
And in so many drops of truth poured out,  
I would give more and more, in answering token,  
Ask for me—that my soul be passed about.*

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## THE SLAVE.

“Whose service is perfect freedom.”

THEY say I fill a narrow place  
In this world's happenings,  
Shutting within four walls my grace,  
And doing little things ;  
I fill my dear lord's boundless need,  
I satisfy his heart's desire,  
My faith and prayers enlarge his creed  
And feed his spirit's fire ;  
The mystic life my kisses brim  
Outspans great dawns with dews impearled ;  
The passion of my soul through him  
Streams out into the world.

They sigh that I should be a slave,  
And all my freedom miss,  
Because my uttermost I gave  
To multiply my bliss ;

One after one I bear the shapes  
Of my beloved's part in me ;  
Each time a little soul escapes  
From our felicity ;  
Unto the vast of Heaven reach  
My liberties inviolate ;  
The dreaming of my soul in each  
Becomes incorporate.

They pity me because I toil  
O'er common ministries ;  
Dear GOD ! time's treasury I spoil,  
Spending myself in these ;  
From morn till night my fingers pray  
In deeds declaring my heart's rest ;  
I would not have one light wish stray  
Higher than my love's breast ;  
I would not have one thought that left  
The children of my loins behind,  
Nor be of one sweet task bereft,  
Leisure and ease to find.

My bonds are golden sacrifice,  
Dear hearts and hands my bars ;  
I mould within my paradise,  
The virgin stuff of stars ;

Freedom grows wider as I serve,  
Worked out in duties done ;  
Never a point doth my star swerve,  
From circling round its sun ;  
In the Calm System of GOD's Will  
My course is fixed, my motion set ;  
A planet in His scheme I fill  
My place ; and could not fret.

Yet often as I sit and sew  
By the last baby's bed,  
Or on my round of duties go  
That all be clothed and fed,  
I catch an echo of the grief  
That swells from homes despairing when  
Women forget that love is chief,—  
Weeping of hearts of men,—  
Anguish because the crown of peace  
By women's hands is thrust aside,  
Mothers and wives from toiling cease,  
And service is denied.

O GOD ! the pity and the pain,  
The blindness and the death !  
O, women ! putting love by, fain  
To draw some easier breath,

To be the prayer in one man's soul,  
To lead the home's sweet liturgy  
From the hearth's altar and control  
Homage of heart and knee,  
To build the future with the stuff  
Of one's own self and shape it true  
And steadfast,—is not this enough  
To dazzle me and you ?

## BODY O' BREATH.

**G**OD built you to be mothers, O! ye wives  
Who rob His Dream, fall short in barrenness  
Of that full glory He has given you  
The power and the sanction to express;  
Can love that narrows over self be true,  
Denying Him the harvest of new lives?

“Where are my souls, My little souls?” He cries;  
“Where is the seed of flesh My Hands have sown  
Within the gardens of your ecstasy?  
Where is the offering of flowers grown  
To pile My Altars high with life and be  
Delight unto My Nostrils and Mine Eyes?”

My breast aches for the passionate increase  
Of little bodies to contain My Breath  
Have I not bidden love to multiply?  
And ye defraud Me with this dearth of death,  
This lack of life to fill Me, by and by,  
Out of your passion with Eternal Peace.

Nothing is good that doth not give to Me  
The first-fruits of its best, Who gave to men  
The Red Fruit of My Being's Inmost Fire  
In My CHRIST'S Agony ; and will ye then  
Forget the share I claim in your desire,  
By which I lift love into purity ?

Ye shall be emptier than your emptiness,  
Ye murderers of My glories, when I count  
My treasures up for Love's Immortal Bliss,  
If ye remember not to feed the Fount  
That filled you first, and render up each kiss  
To ripen, if I will, in life's quick dress ! ”

## COMPLETION.

**N**OTHING is perfect that I touch or hold ;

The songs I hear the passing shows I see  
Though touching depths of rapture, miss for me  
The last swift flame that tests and tries the gold ;  
All the dear beauties Nature doth unfold,—  
The rainbow land, the many-rippled sea,  
The tints of heathered hill, and gorse-clad wold,—  
Lack one last hue, one prism of light to be :

For, subject to the hour's decree, I wait  
Here, till our long-divergent pathways meet,  
And I, in knowing you, shall grow complete,—  
Till the white moment burns to consummate  
These wild perceptions of approaching fate,  
And I in you my soul's fulfilment greet.

## ETERNITY

O ! ANCIENT loves of the world,  
    Flaming to fruitage still  
On the Branch of the Great LOVE's Will,  
With the dews of your Dream empearled,  
Because you blossomed and bore  
The beauties of sacrifice,  
Toward the portal of Paradise  
This late world stretcheth the more.

O ! Passion of breast and brain !  
Red Brand from the burn't out years !  
Through the bleeding of Dante's tears,  
Through the fire of Petrarch's pain,  
Through the patience of Jacob's soul,  
Through the Wonder of CHRIST's Dear Death,  
Do the loves of to-day draw breath  
For the blood-bright climb to the Goal.

O ! Heart of my inmost life !  
O ! Seed of myself fulfilled !  
O ! Love for whose sake are spilled  
The sweets of my calm and strife !

The world that is yet to be  
 Shall love the better for this ;—  
 We have reached to GOD through a kiss !  
 We have loved unto ecstasy !



## THE ROBE OF PRAYERS

**H**USH! for my Love comes by ;  
Hush your laughter and words !  
Let but the deep winds sigh,  
But the singing of the birds  
Sound in earth and sky,  
As my Love goes by  
In the robe of my prayers.

He who was counted least  
Passeth sceptred and crowned  
To the Sacramental Feast  
Where all white loves are bound,  
As a great High Priest—  
Who was counted least—  
In the robe of my prayers.

He who was sad and cold  
Comes with fire in his heart ;  
He who was one apart,  
He who went unconsolated,

Doth my love enfold,—  
Who was sad and cold,—  
In the robe of my prayers.

White with a dream divine,  
Red with passion of truth,  
Gold, as the stars that shine,  
With the endless age of youth,  
Folded soft, and fine  
With a dream divine,  
Is his robe of my prayers.

## AN APRIL PRAYER

DEAR GOD! again Thy Spring  
Returns, tears lighting mystery in her eyes,  
Her breath a-scent with lilies very sweet,  
Pure lilies at her breast, and round her feet  
A little lily-dust of melting snows ;  
Like buds that open under dropping skies,  
The petals of my waiting heart uncloset  
For Thy White Thoughts to bless its blossoming.

I would be whiter yet  
Than foam-pale clouds of morning, golden-fringed,  
More white than spotless asphodels of dream,  
Or quick sea surges, or the moonbright gleam  
Of flower radiances that lift their light  
O'er vale and hill in purities untinged,  
Or the white wondering in a child's heart set,—  
Thy Virgin Vow in my Beloved's sight.

Thy miracles of grace drop down like dew,  
That he I love may ever purer be  
For looking on new purities in me !

O ! Birth of beauties ! Innocence Divine !  
Beginning of all perfect dreams ! I wait.  
Let whatsoever things are lovely, true,  
Of good report, for his dear sake, be mine.

## ASCENSION

LOVE me, Dear Heart ! but love me not so well  
As on the gift to lavish all your gold ;  
Hand me not all my treasure yet to hold,  
Nor pour me all my wine to drink, nor tell  
Your utmost vows, nor let my heaven be  
Revealed at once to me.

But by slow steps of gladness draw my feet  
Up ever mounting ways toward far-peaked bliss ;  
Behind each kiss store me a fonder kiss,  
Behind each smile another still more sweet,  
Behind each glance a soul-flash yet more true  
And eloquent of you.

Love me so purely that I grow more pure  
Because I peep at paradise from earth,  
So dearly that I take a richer worth,  
So truly that I know my crown is sure ;  
But so imperfectly that every day  
You woo and win in some more godlike way.

## FACE OF PASSION

O FACE unutterable ! face divine !  
    Bending your brows of mystery o'er mine,—  
Dear face in which the world  
Shuts all its beauty, as in some sweet star  
Light lives afar,—  
How wonderful you are !

Love's silences burn radiant in your eyes ;  
Love's rapture round your mouth of music lies ;  
Love in your tender grace  
Enshrines the purity of heart's desire,  
The holy fire  
Clear passion doth inspire.

The mysteries that flame in Heaven's height  
Hide in your smiles their secrets of delight ;  
The miracles that set  
This world on fire with loveliness supreme  
In your looks dream  
Before they wake and gleam.

The shades of cloud and mist, of dusk and dawn  
Repeat the tender hopes your lids, low-drawn  
In ecstasy, suggest ;  
All shadows that are born of wind and rain  
Are the refrain  
Of grace your griefs attain.

All fragrances of dews and flowers blend  
To brim my heart with sweets whene'er you bend  
To kiss my waiting lips ;  
All rainbow riches of the air and earth  
In you have birth,  
And mix their fairest worth.

## LOVE'S DAYS

DAYS that bring him, your hours are golden,  
Softly, silently, sweetly folden  
Round the heart of the perfect hour  
By which the light of his face is holden.

Days that keep him your hours are broken  
Buds of hope for some dear word spoken,  
Dying blossoms of hushed desire  
To taste his love in some new-found token.

Days fulfilling and days denying,  
Days of rapture and days of sighing,  
You were sunless without his eyes,  
Firing my dream with their flame undying.

## HEART'S HEAVEN

HEAVEN is such a little place ;  
Only room for two ;  
Heaven holds but one sweet grace,—  
Love 'twixt me and you ;  
Yet there is no lovely thing  
Does not bloom inside ;  
And the skies the wild birds wing  
Are not half so wide.

Heaven is held within the sphere  
Of a moment's life ;  
Heaven has set its rapture here,  
In the midst of strife ;  
Yet the years may never hold  
All its rich increase ;  
And no calm can match the gold  
Of its perfect peace.

Heaven is built in my Love's heart,  
Blown upon his sighs,

Uttered when his dear lips part,  
Lit within his eyes,  
Shut within his arms' caress,  
Planted where his feet,  
Passing on time's journey, press  
Earth and make it sweet.

## MY HANDS

SINCE they have touched you they have been  
Two little flames that touch the true,  
Two little souls that feel between  
Old shapes the spirit of things new,  
Two little prayers for the unseen,—  
These happy hands that have held you.

Since you have filled them they have burned  
Two little dreams of white desire,  
Two little hopes toward Heaven turned,  
Two little purities of fire,  
Two little wishes that have yearned  
Yet deeper secrets to acquire.

Since you have kissed them they have told  
Two little tales of sacrament,  
Two little ecstasies of gold  
Used freely yet for e'er unspent,  
And, when they clasp and creep and hold,  
Two little passions of content.

Two little hearts too oft asleep,  
Forgetting fires and dreams and prayers ;—  
Two little bards that fail to sweep,  
Too oft, love's harp-strings with sweet airs ;—  
Two little triflers ; yet they keep  
Your Good fast through this world's affairs !

## SPRING

**S**HALL we not teach the Spring to dream more sweetly  
Toward birth-rapture than she hath done yet ?  
Surely her blisses shall break more completely  
From every place o'er which our lips have met,  
Be the Gift's offspring but one violet.

Let us go out and bless her womb, Belovèd,  
With the enkindling flame of our hearts' fire,  
Tread the dear ways o'er which GOD's winds have movèd,  
And through the benediction of desire  
Bid her bring forth the visions we inspire.

Where we breathe vows that ask divine believing  
Her fruitfulness shall flower to lovelier scent ;  
Where our souls mix, new purities conceiving,  
She shall bear richlier for our love's intent ;  
Come ! let us quicken her with Sacrament !

## LOVE'S CHAMBER

IT has no altar but my Darling's breast ;  
And yet it holds the very inmost shrine  
Of love divine,—  
That room in which the night long through we rest.

It has no bread but my Belovèd's kisses ;  
And yet within it's walls the Sacrament  
Of Heaven's content  
Through darkest hours is broken for us in blisses.

It has no music but my dear Love's voice ;  
And yet within the hush of its retreat  
Deep anthems, meet  
For choirs celestial, tell of rapturous choice.

And 'twixt the midnight and the magic dawn  
Its silence thrills with prayers that reach no ending,  
For e'er ascending  
From my Sweet's heart in every breath soft-drawn.

## CHILDREN OF THE SPIRIT

O ! LITTLE children with the flower faces,  
The guileless hearts, the sweet, soul-radiant  
eyes,

Who make this world a garden with your graces,  
And deck our griefs in a diviner guise,  
The world has other children whose hushed places  
Hope guards and love unguessed-at beautifies.

O ! little children, ye forget your playing,  
Forsake your merriment, put by your toys,  
And turn away from childish things, obeying  
Time's rule that bade you once be girls and boys ;  
These other children are for ever staying  
Within a playground no rude time destroys.

Some are the spirits of the love that sigheth  
In mutual hearts the world forbids to meet ;  
Some, the dear ghosts that haunt where fate denieth  
The crown that makes love's royalty complete ;  
One that upon the breast of my Dream lieth  
Hath my Belovèd's smile, serene and sweet.

Who shall declare these spirit children springing  
In pure conception from the loins of dream  
Breath fainter life than those the days are bringing  
Forever to fulfill creation's scheme ?  
Who shall deny the baby spirit clinging  
To our linked souls GOD shall with breath redeem ?

## SILVER WEDDING

WHEN we are old, we shall be young, my Dear!—

Two children straying on the Brink of time,  
Where Death, the Guardian Angel, hovers near,  
His bright wings hidden, his sweet breath our clime;  
When we are old! Ah! Summit Dawn-Sublime!  
Ah! Virgin Peak of Passion, Past all fear  
Uplifting your straight edge into the Prime  
Where all the mornings die that were so clear!

When we are old!—Belovèd, like a psalm  
The words ring back along the way Hope trod,—  
Blood on the stones and tears upon the sod!  
Up with me! up, Beyond the thorn and palm,  
Till we are caught into the Breast of Calm,  
Newborn as spirits in the Lap of GOD!

## LOVE'S SIMEON SONG

I HAVE known a man's desire  
Kindle me to holy fire :  
Let his weakness be our peace,  
Now, in heavenly increase.

Having seen his love's first youth,  
LORD! in Thy salvation's truth,  
Let Thy servant now depart  
Into his more quiet heart.

Let our yearning passion be  
Interbreathed affinity  
Deeper-bosomed, through most fine  
Union of his breast with mine.

This is passion more intense—  
Vision in Thy Temple, whence  
They who at Thy touch are still,  
See their treasure in Thy Will.

Thou hast placed upon my tongue  
This new psalm of growing young  
Unto sacred second birth  
Out of marriage sealed on earth.

Thou hast been in love's embrace  
Very LOVE's Immortal Face :  
Let me now in fulness win  
This new-raptured going in.

## THE ENBOSOMED ROSE

I AM a rose, I know,  
In my Belovèd's breast,  
As he goes to and fro  
At God's behest—  
A rose as joy expresst,  
Because he loves me so,  
Loving LOVE best.

And being, by every kiss,  
A rose in Paradise  
Outleaving from his bliss  
Past sacrifice,  
Here must I bloom, by this,  
In fragrant, warm device  
True beyond price.

## COMFORT

AH! if we sometimes dreamed how close they stand  
Who were our flesh and blood once, and are still  
A part of us in sympathy and will,  
We should not grieve so, thinking death had banned  
All sweet communions with Life's Spirit Land,  
But fancy in each faint delicious thrill  
That stirs us when Heaven's cisterns overflow,  
Droppings of comfort some near love had planned :  
    Death brings them nearer to us ; human sense,  
    Earth-dulled, is all the barrier that hides  
    The adjacent Country where each one abides ;  
    And we shall wonder, when we, too, pass hence,  
    Our hearts were thwarted by so frail a fence,  
    And could not break the weak wall that divides.

## THE SOUL OF DEATH

DOWN the wide vista of this world's green ways  
A spirit passes silently along  
And gathers from the short mist-folden days  
Their laughter and their song.

He paints the bracken brown upon the hills,  
He lays his rosy hand upon the trees,  
He sows the land with sparkling frost, and fills  
With frost-like foam the seas.

We feel the fanning of his passing wings,  
We feel the chill of his mysterious breath,  
We see his sign on summer-perfect things,—  
The wondrous sign of death.

Hushed is the tender bustle of the year,  
When bud and leaf and bonny nest were new;  
And hushed the storms that made September drear  
And hid the skies of blue.

And, knowing her fruition full at last,  
Her blossoming delights long since complete,  
Her golden harvest triumphs overpast  
With gold hours all too fleet,

Tired nature waits expectantly to reap  
Her promised guerdon of dream-flowering rest,  
And, as the moments leave her, looks for Sleep  
To make her wholly blest.

## THE DUMB CHRIST

DEAR MASTER of the metres of the stars  
And Poet of the rhythms of all space,  
Who spoke, and worlds sprang from thy eloquence!  
What suffering, when Thou didst don human sense,  
To set before Thy heavenly speech the bars  
Of the dull understanding of this place!

Ah! how the hovering angels must have wept  
To hear Thy Spirit shut within earth's reach,—  
The WORD of GOD for our poor needs made dumb  
That love's own language from each soul might come,  
And Thy last syllable of truth be kept  
Till from the Cross Thy Very Blood should preach!

Ah! surely, Poet's Heart Whose quickenings beat  
In every bud and flame in every fruit,  
When on the mountains, 'neath the night-sweet airs,  
Thy speech came back, Thy Poems were Thy Prayers,  
And in the strains that bade creation meet  
Thy Passion sang its mysteries acute!

“He hath no form nor comeliness, neither hath He any beauty that we should desire Him.”

WHY do the painter's brush, the poet's pen,  
And fond imaginations of the heart  
That would depict Thine earthly guise, impart  
The fairest graces ever worn by men  
Unto Thy Form and Features by their art?  
Why do they make Thee very lovely, when  
Thou hadst no comeliness, no beauty, then,  
Wherewith to stir the crowd in street and mart?

O Man of Sorrows! Mark of Jewish wit!

Whose bloodwrit footsteps front us in the race,  
I, could my talent touch my dream, would trace  
A feeble frame, for prowess all unfit,—  
Tear-sodden eyes with deep soul-splendours lit,  
And God's smile making grand a homely face.

## A WOMAN'S PRAYER

THOU QUIETNESS Who art The CHRIST—  
WORD Of All Silences that thrill  
From Out The Quickening FATHER-Will  
Through all meek listenings that keep tryst—  
Make my loud being very still  
Till my unrest be sacrificed.

Should not the woman's nature be  
A well of quiet fresh and deep,  
Wherefrom all thirsts draw ministry ?  
And how shall she her spirit keep,  
Unless her life be filled with Thee,  
Thy cup to which the parched ones creep ?

Make me a stillness Of Thy Peace,  
A fountain of continual rest  
To others' hearts from Thine addresst  
In help whose flowings never cease ;—  
God's Meaning in serene increase  
Of very womanhood expresst.

“And He shall set all things under His feet.”

DEAR Feet of LOVE, beneath Whose quickening  
tread

The FATHER hath set each created thing,  
Is not your impress on this life of Spring,  
This resurrection of dear Nature's dead  
From earth's low grave toward Heaven overhead ?  
Does not your passing's perfect music ring  
Triumphant in the rush of every wing  
Upon some flight of love and duty sped ?

Dear Feet that trod the wine-press all alone,  
To crush love's juices from the fruit of pain,  
This vine of human grief grows green again  
Toward promise of new purples to be shown,  
And the world's tears, like April-gilded rain,  
Swell faith's quick seeds, along your red track sown.

## CONSECRATION

I LIKE to think the Spring, before she started  
Upon her lovely quest,  
Knelt low at CHRIST'S Own footstool, and departed  
With her sweet mission blest ;

I like to think the daffodilian splendour  
That decks her tender grace  
Was gathered when she knelt in glad surrender  
Before His shining Face.

I like to think her gown, in fairest order  
With bud and bloom made bright,  
Brushed something of its fragrance from the border  
Of His pure robe of white.

And be my song no better than a seeming  
In idle thought begun,  
Still hath my soul been carried by its dreaming  
Lark-like towards the sun.

## SNOW DREAMS

**L**AST night the world crouched, dim and grey,  
Beneath a grief of cloud ;  
The desolate horizons lay  
Within a close-wrapt shroud ;  
The virgin Spring slept far away ;  
An East wind cried aloud :  
Now winds have hushed their calling,  
To hear her white dreams falling.

O ! see her frozen passion touch  
The barren breast of Earth !  
O ! see the sad soil clasp and clutch  
Her chastity's white worth,  
And draw the lovely grace of such  
Faint thoughts of love and birth  
Into the sacred keeping  
Of its serener sleeping !

Down through the silence of the air  
The pure stars of her soul  
Glide in new radiance, fresh and fair  
Toward the mystic goal,

And melt upon the brown beds where  
The warm days shall unroll  
The flowers of life's begetting,  
When storms have ceased their fretting.

And, gathering the perfect snows  
Of her divine desire,  
Earth makes her May-moods of the rose,  
Her April tears and fire,  
Her ecstasies of March, and sows  
Beneath the sod and mire,  
Where life's dark flame is burning,  
These purities of yearning.

## FLOWERS OF FROST

**H**ERE the white life that looks a lovely death  
To our mistaken eyes,  
On soil and pasture lies ;  
Here, crystallized in glory, Nature's breath  
Bejewels brown and green  
With stars from the unseen.

Here odours fragrant of the Infinite,—  
Of the unknown Immense,—  
Smell sweet beyond our sense ;  
Here hues resolving from eternal light  
Their radiant dyes of dream,  
Beyond Earth's vision gleam.

Here shine the inspirations of her soul,  
Made visible in grace  
On every open place ;  
Here, writ in tears upon the land's bare scroll,  
The passion of her breast  
Is perfectly confesst.

It may be that these flowers of frost disclose  
A deeper secret yet  
Than Summer shall have set  
Within the honeyed bosom of the rose  
Or where the lilies white  
Gold pollen lamps shall light.

These petals spun from concrete dews of cold  
So magically fair,  
The fires of earth and air  
Within their purities of ice enfold ;  
And out of beauty came  
Their hidden hearts of flame.

## BODY OF SPRING

THE world is waking, the air is sweet,  
The ground is furrowed with little feet,  
The winds' a-blossom with little wings,  
The days are dreaming of perfect things ;  
And down, far down, where the warm rains fall,  
Earth holds the loveliest dream of all.

Above her secret the wild things feel  
The soul of Spring o'er the wild ways steal ;  
But deep in the mystery of her breast  
She bears the seed of the manifest,—  
She weaves a body of substance fine  
To house that soul with its breath divine.

From root of lily and root of rose  
The robe of flesh for the spirit grows ;  
From grains of sunshine that quicken there  
Are spun bright threads for the shining hair ;  
From dust of harebell and violet  
The grace that shall be sweet eyes is set.

And one glad day, when the buds unfold,  
And time breathes softly in hearts of gold,  
When light is colour and life is scent  
And the breaking of bloom is a sacrament,  
The magic morn will fulfil the past,  
And soul and flesh shall be knit at last !

## SNOWDROPS

PURE tears that chill November drew  
From desolate, grey, brimming skies,  
When Nature mourned the broken ties  
'Twixt earth and heaven's sunny blue,—

Now has the sweet returning Spring,  
In first expression of her power,  
Made each incarnate in a flower  
White with her dream's imagining ;—

The gold of patience in each heart ;  
On every cup hope's tender green ;  
The purity of sorrow seen  
On triple petals thrust apart.

## MARCH

**O**LD Winter faints behind and romping March  
Runs o'er a land that echoes to her glee ;  
Beneath blue heaven's sunswept, cloudful arch  
The flutter of her gown sets bush and tree  
In merry motion ; Earth again is free.

Hark ! how her lips tune measures for her feet  
As, whistling catches that the blackbird's bill  
Learns as he listens from some near retreat,  
The happy hoyden, teaching pond and rill  
To ripple at her laugh, roams vale and hill !

## TO APRIL

O ! April, I am glad with you ;  
Such golden hours I've had with you,  
Such quick delight  
Of scent and sight ;  
How could the days be sad with you  
Come back again  
O'er life to reign  
And set my pulses mad with you ?

How often have I stepped with you  
O'er petaled ways and crept with you  
In half a trice  
To paradise ,  
And in its gardens leapt with you,  
Or 'neath the shade  
Some harbour made  
Tears brightly transient wept with you !

My voice doth sing in quire with you,  
My senses tune a lyre with you,  
My lips declare,  
Come cloud or care,

My blood is all on fire with you,  
My slow moods range  
Your fairy change  
And Summerward aspire with you.

I foot the tender grass with you,  
I sip at Nature's glass with you ;  
I would delay  
In some sure way  
The months we may not class with you ;  
And yet I know  
That when you go  
Spring's glamour will not pass with you.

## SPRING GROWN WEARY

**S**HE is so tired to-day, this bonny Spring  
That came to us with fragrance on her lips ;  
In this faint hour no thirsty spirit sips  
New vigour from her chalice ; each fair wing  
Droops wearily ; nor hath she heart for smiles,  
Nor strength for tears, nor breath for roguish wiles.

And heavily on my responsive heart  
The burden of her lassitude is laid ;  
My feet are weary, and the airless shade  
Oppresses me ; my sunborn hopes depart ;  
And yestermorning's thrills of gladness seem  
The soon-extinguished raptures of a dream.

But when the morning wakens her and me,  
And in the happy dawn we both arise,  
Fresh April dews will sparkle in her eyes,  
New transient beauties round her mouth will be,  
And weeping, laughing, dancing all the day,  
Quickened, we shall run softly after May.

## THE SINGER IN THE SUN

*(The Dartmoor Lark)*

LITTLE brown mystery !  
What is thy history ?  
How wast thou shaped in thy lyric degree ?  
Song in so plain a vest  
    (Unto our gain) addresst  
Up to the sun's heart, how cam'st thou to be ?

Nothing else flying sings  
    Thus on heav'n-trying wings ;  
Thou, in the sober hue worn by the ground,  
From thy home's lowliness  
    Dost the blue holiness  
Take with thy triumphs of motion and sound.

How many æons long  
    Has thy rare pæon's song  
Rung through the azure that cleared o'er the sod ?  
Bird of dear destiny !  
    Our desire's breast in thee  
Had through what ages its herald towards God ?

Thou art a kiss of earth  
    Wafted in bliss of birth  
Drunk as communion with breathing divine :  
That which GOD saith in thee,  
    Doth, by His breath in thee,  
Mix with His air more than water with wine.

Streams are thy bretheren,  
    Lilting through heather when  
Sunlight and cloud hue the zenith with peace ;—  
Kin to thy sunning through  
    Their tuneful running, too,—  
Their part in heaven their fount of increase.

So thy song pours, and spills  
    All its pure stores, and trills,  
Flowing in melody's liquid cascades :  
So they in phrases clear  
    Chant water's phases here,—  
Born of the near skies, to nourish the glades.

Little wild brothers, they  
    Echo thine other sway  
Thrilling the sweet air with fulness profuse,  
Whose joy's simplicity  
    Lifts their felicity  
Endless of flowing in exquisite use.

Melody's flowering

Are the notes showering

Out of thy throbbing exuberance fast :—

Nay ; thou art bloom all through,

When from light's room fall true

Sweets of thy rhapsody's range in the vast.

Thou art a rose a-mount,

Whose honey flows a-fount

Out of a thousand leaves from thy heart spread ;

Seeing, thy wings' flutterance

Round thy gold utterance

Shakes into petals uncounted o'erhead.

Thou art a censer's swing,

In an intenser spring

Sunwards of earth-life than birds lower-billed,

Fragrance from rooted cups

Where the bee, suited, sups,

Breathing their incense rich-valleyed and hilled.

When thy notes bubble so

O'er men who trouble so

Down in the valley, the moor, and the field,

Thou art a grail-cup, fair

Through the blue veil up there,

In thine own mist of wine almost concealed :

Since the drops running o'er  
Round thy shape's sunning o'er,  
Rise from the Heart Which gives all from Its Glow,  
Making birds, flowers, and views  
Cups of Himself to use,  
Unto the souls that look upward, and know.

Little brown passion-bird !

In such pure fashion heard,  
Taking the blue for thy joyhold's sure place ;  
Heav'n is thy singing-bough,  
Unto me bringing now  
Song of the small things GOD draws toward His  
Face.

## A GARDEN ON THE MOOR

THERE'S a garden where I sit ;  
Lilies lift pure flames in it,  
Each six-tongued and amber-bright ;  
And behind their burning bloom  
Creeping ivy makes a gloom  
For their fragrant fires to light.

Candytuft and daisies grow  
In its beds like flakes of snow  
Heaped in many a wind-tosst drift ;  
Pansies purple, lemon-pale,  
Mauve, and white their petals frail  
O'er a stone-edged border lift.

Round its limit guardian trees  
Coax the song of breaking seas  
From the lips of breezy days ;  
And a blush-crowned copper beech,  
Standing where all winds may reach,  
Croons and whispers as it sways.

Heart'sease, music, snow and fire  
Feeding all my heart's desire  
By a low-porched cottage door,  
Where I sit and dream and doze  
Underneath a dying rose  
In a garden on the moor.

## THE HEART OF THE HILLS

ALL the months it lieth hidden,  
Through the gleam and gloom of days  
Glory-swept and tempest-ridden,  
When the floods, by heaven bidden,  
Loose their waters and the chidden  
Rivers run their rocky ways  
Shouting fury, roaring praise ;  
All the year time, set apart,  
'Neath the grace its life instils,  
Secret, sacred, lies the heart  
Of the hills.

Till the weeks of fulness ; flaming,  
Underneath the harvest skies,  
Burn the mystic veil, and, shaming  
Every hue of Springtide's claiming,  
Every tint of Nature's naming ;  
Every tinge of earth's surprise,—  
In purpureal passion lies  
Unto East and West declared,  
Pulsing with a thousand rills,  
All the heart, in truth unbared,  
Of the hills.

Every storm of Winter's weeping,  
Every psalm the wild winds blew,  
Every silent shadow sleeping  
'Twixt the wide horizons keeping,  
Every bow of April's reaping,  
Every transiency of hue  
Which the changing hours renew,—  
Born of clouds that dream and drift,—  
Here, in heather spelt, fulfils  
All the heart,—the hidden gift,—  
Of the hills.

## THE CRY OF THE WILD HEART

**L**ITTLE Darling Country cuddled in the West !  
Are the sunbeams clasping gold about your  
breast ?  
Are the dear winds sighing strangely o'er your rest ?

Little Darling Country where the rainbows sleep !  
Do the heavens above you tears of crystal weep ?  
Do the mists around you virgin vigils keep ?

Little Darling Country where the brave lark sings !—  
Furrowed by the footprints of the dear wild things,  
Chequered by the shadows cast by untamed wings,—

Little Darling Country set above the sea !—  
Wide and wild and storm-s wept, fresh and fair and free,—  
O ! it's just a wild thing in your ways I'd be !

## MEAVY BOTTOM

**M**EAVY Bottom's made of wonder :

O, the mosses there !

O, the heav'n of green things under  
Heav'ns of rainbow air !

O, the ways of waters going  
In a million-motioned flowing  
Down their gradual stair !

Meavy Bottom's made of treasure  
Endlessly bestowed :

O, the marvels without measure,  
Just below the road !

O, the hills that are its holding,  
Chambering with their interfolding  
Its serene abode.

Meavy Bottom's made of healing  
Cupped in close increase :

O, the sounds of quiet stealing  
Through its living peace !

O, the patterns of perfection  
Lushly paving each direction  
Of its running lease !

## TO NIGHT

O WONDROUS jewel burning on God's Breast  
With such strange quiverings of light !  
O magic radiance, blessing and made blest,  
Whose silent splendour has so fair a rest !  
O gleaming night !  
Thou art a talisman to my dim sight.

For, watching how thy blue fires gleam and gloom,  
I know I see His wide Heart beat,  
By each pulsation shaking into bloom  
Thy tender tints that find His Bosom's room  
A place so sweet  
From which to dazzle worlds that kiss His Feet.

## TWILIGHT IN TOWN

THE SUN has caried off reluctant Day  
To smile upon antipodean lands ;  
Like some sweet silent angel, Twilight stands  
Within the distance, violets in his hands  
To strew the western way ;

And where the narrowing vista, border-bright  
With starry lamps, is lost in purpled space,  
He stands with outstretched arms and mystic face,  
And with his wings, far-spread in sombre grace,  
Holds back the struggling light.

## AFTER SEEING AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF DEVON IN LONDON

OUTSIDE the fitful fever and long fret ;  
But here, the stillness and the face of dream,  
And all the colours of far ways that seem  
Lost Edens, shining through deep-drawn regret ;—  
Dear nooks behind fate's flaming edges set ;  
Dear memories of bay and moor and stream  
Denied to hearts that never can forget  
The glamour, and the glory, and the gleam :  
Here are the melodies of bank and brook  
Held fast in silence, nevermore to stray ;  
Here is the bright bloom that moist breezes shook,  
Fixed in fair promise that defies decay ;  
Here the sea's spirit and the moor's soul stay  
Envisioned for all rev'rent eyes which look.

## FIRE O' THE WORLD

THOU art no myth, Prometheus, but the name  
And very soul of that divine desire  
Which, looking far beyond the moon's dead flame,  
Climbs after Heaven's fire !

Day after day is read in burning eyes  
The rapture and the anguish of the Goal ;  
Day after day the dream of thine emprise  
Illumes some startled soul.

Life may be fair, and pleasure may be sweet,  
And every hour a miracle of gold,  
And still the joy remaineth incomplete  
If still the heart lies cold.

Earth spreads her shows and pageantries in vain ;  
Man spurns them, lifting his long hope above  
To where the ecstasies of bliss and pain  
Burn gloriously in love.

Nature and time, at dawn and set of sun,  
Hang the horizons with the flaming dream  
Of wounds endured and roseate guerdons won  
In search of the Supreme.

Groaning and striving in eternal quest,  
The world climbs ever, clutching joy and grief,  
Baring to suffering its straining breast  
In passionate belief.

Till, beaten by the body's dying breath,  
The soul, unvanquished, tramples down the strife,  
To find beyond the smoke and fumes of death  
The furnaces of life !

## BODY OF LIFE

FLOWER of the soul, was there ever a wonder like  
you ?—

Body built up round the spirit in tissues that  
frame

Strength of life ever new

For the mind to feel through,

Sum of glories knit fast in one pattern to move as one  
name,

Very bone of time's bone !—

Out of the earth's womb, begotten of water and flame,

Out of the entrails of order and reason you came,—

Dust of the red earth and grain of age-harvests of stone,

Blood that is fire of the sun and elixer of dew,

Flesh that is essence of effort and power to pursue,

Matter marching to changes unknown

In the sweat of sweet work and swift game !

Man, who art master of mind and live lord of the limb!  
Born of the sweets of the darkness, the salts of the soil,  
And anointed with oil  
To hot joys and rich toil,  
Fashioned largely to conquer the elements, flush to the  
rim  
With desires of the chase,  
Hold up the cup of your strength to be filled to the brim;  
Hold up the leaves of your health till the goblet's edge  
swim  
With grapes' juice of triumph trod out in the fight and  
the race,  
With wine of clean gladness that clears when thews  
tighten, veins boil,  
With a purity sharp with cool courage no pride can  
embroil,  
Till GOD shines in your face,  
And the breath of your best is a hymn!

## THANKSGIVING

I THANK Thee, GOD ! that I who sleep  
Am conscious, though in dimmest wise,  
That coming hours of waking keep  
Dear dawning splendours for these eyes.

That though uneased I toss and turn  
In heavy, languous unrest,  
In my most fevered dreams I yearn  
For what is purest, what is best.

Not bound by slumbers deep like death,  
Or dense as those induced by wine,  
But drawing with my faintest breath  
Some morning sweetness down from Thine ;

While through the curtain of my doze  
A silver moonbeam often strays,  
Suggesting by its pale light those  
Life-quick, love-sweet, appointed days.

## MYSELF

WHEN shall we meet each other, you and I?—

My true self and the self that dare not stay  
To look into your eyes upon the way,  
Lest some gold chance of duty pass me by,  
And LOVE lose half His interest in the day,—  
LOVE, Who weaves every smile of lip and eye  
My heart lights, in obedience to His sway,  
Into a halo for your majesty :

O promise of my perfect womanhood !

Echo of GOD my life sends out afar !

Can Paradise bring any richer good

Than to possess you, and to find the star

Of each pure love that makes you what you are

Illume the soul I have not understood ?

## INCENSE

O THE bosom of the morning is an altar to the  
LORD!

See the incense of its prayer spiring up the early air!  
All the moorland hearths are smoking up to heaven with  
one accord,  
And the smell of new-lit peat  
Rises sweet.

Hush! the stillness of the darkness to the silence of the  
light  
Has been changing, and the peace scarcely suffereth  
decrease,  
As the sun above the little darling hills burns into sight,  
And the world wakes to obey  
Simple day.

Under every roof a woman tends the hearth-place on her  
knees,—  
Each a priestess of the white dawn of duties after night,—

Kindling home's fire, 'ere she passeth on to labour's  
litanies,  
Setting out the hallowèd  
Daily bread.

Every chimney is a censer in the chancel of the sun,  
Sending up the cloudy spice of its humble sacrifice,  
Till the hour is consecrated by the myrrh of work begun,  
While a lark drops down the calm  
Morning's psalm.

## THE OPEN ROAD

O! the wind's awake, roaming down and brake,  
And the road's swept hard and clean;  
There's a world so wide stretching either side  
To a frost-starred edge of green;  
There's a goal to win 'ere the sun goes in,  
And the day and the impulse die;  
And it's O! but three jolly mates we'll be,  
The wind and my heart and I!

O! the ferrule's ring and the rhythmic swing  
Of my step and my stick in time,  
As the views unroll round my joyous soul,  
And my thoughts and my pulses rhyme!  
What's a bracing score of sweet miles, or more,  
When you've bidden the town goodbye?  
You should hear us shout all the gladness out,  
The wind and my heart and I.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shines an evening star o'er a roof afar,  
And a lamp in the dusk burns gold;

O! the home-way's sweet to my conquering feet,  
As the arms of the night unfold;  
And the wind has spent all its wild intent,  
And breathes but a happy sigh;  
For we're going to rest where our joys dream best,  
The wind and my heart and I.

## INCARNATION

I HAVE dear company in this still spot,  
Where on the edge of silence, night and day,  
Waves hurl their weight of sound and drop away  
In broken murmurs to the bay's blue breast,—  
Where heaven's azure writes forget-me-not,  
And memory steals new glories from the West.

Here Nature strikes her music note by note  
In single sweetness, teaching every ear  
Each separate whisper from her soul to hear,—  
The drift of sand grains scattered by a breeze,  
The far-off crying of a sea-mew's throat,  
The rustle of long grass upon the leas.

And in this peace between the sea and hills  
Shut safely from the noises of the world,—  
This nest of hushes in a green nook curled,—  
I dream a dream of gladness that might be,  
Till my desire its own delight fulfils,  
And my heart's royalties walk here with me.

## INSPIRATION

PRISMATIC thoughts do build me in this hour  
A little paradise wherein to dwell ;  
I taste the ambrosial luxury of power  
And sip the nectar of delight, whose spell  
With golden fancies doth my mind endow'r ;  
The new- sown seeds of inspiration swell,  
Till leaves burst forth and half-blown buds foretell  
The promise of the open-petaled flower :  
O rapture of creation ! O strange bliss  
Of feeling thoughts and words and phrases grow  
Into a finished fabric ! And if this  
Most fleeting touch of triumph stirs me so,  
What awful joy must GOD in Heaven know,  
Who makes all things, and makes not one amiss !

## THE CONQUEROR

WHAT of the conquerors that be ?—  
Of conquered seas and isles ?

Mine is a bloodless victory,  
The mastery of miles ;  
The land, as far as I can see,  
Stoops down to me and smiles.

Behind the marching of my feet  
The wide horizons fall ;  
A hundred hills and vales retreat,  
A hundred vistas call ;  
I tread a triumph brave and sweet,  
And take my dues from all.

Betwixt the dawn fires and the flame  
Of sunset burning red  
I trudge dear ways that have no name,  
And strike grim humours dead ;  
And all the road by which I came  
With happy thoughts is spread.

## MIRRORS OF DREAM

O BITTER-HEARTED women that have known  
No tale of love, no plighted troth, no kiss  
That sealed two souls' communion, nor the bliss  
Of reigning from the seat of passion's throne  
Within one heart for evermore your own !

I sorrow for the lovely joys ye miss,  
The tender griefs ye lack ; but more than this,  
Because your way with such despairs is strown :

Grow sweet, and wait the ending ; GOD with dreams  
Makes spots of colour on the grey design ;  
Look back to them, however far joy seems ;  
The lovers' GOD in sympathy divine  
Mirrors for you in such desirous gleams  
Raptures that wait you where love's Last Things shine.

## DESIRE

ALL through the happy morn,  
The eager noon, the minute-march of time  
'Neath slanted rays toward the hour sublime  
When day's red wounds, rough-torn,  
Incarnadine with ebbing life the breast  
Of the compassionate West,  
Work was the prayer that winged the open sky,  
And wishes were put by.

But now the shadows fill  
With dropping peace each late toil-murmurous spot,—  
Now rest reigns far and near and work is not,  
And untasked hands hang still,  
Or lift linked fingers 'neath the sunset's fire  
To plead some heart's desire,—  
Earth waits till moonrise shall transmute again  
Her passion and her pain.

The undisturbèd air  
Grows heavy with dear hopes unsatisfied,

Dear longings of fulfilment yet denied ;  
And toward the far and fair,  
Up through the hush of even's calm is sent  
Our soaring discontent,  
Till the white mystery lights with flame divine  
Each want of yours and mine.

## THE SURGEON

**H**OLDING the keys of pity and of pain,  
You unlock hearts that shut their gates in fear  
And, crouched behind weak barriers set in vain,  
Grow chill to feel your gentle strength come near  
In firm resolve by hurt to heal again ;  
You, reading mysteries whose signs burn clear  
Before your knowledge, by your touch explain  
What power for good nerves hands that scar and sear :  
And, waiting in your presence for my turn,  
In coward dread of twinges more or less,  
I wonder at your patient tenderness ;  
I watch your face compassionate ; and learn,  
As in a mirror darkly, to discern  
How CHRIST looked when He stretched His Hands to  
bless.

## FORGIVENESS

THE Day has folded back her golden wings  
And shut her eyes ;  
And as she dies,  
Enwrapt in softest silence, Twilight brings  
Rose-glories burning red  
With which to overspread  
Her bier, above whose pall the first star swings.

The weary Earth and I, work put away,  
Past angers cold,  
While moments fold  
The dead queen's robes of light in sombre grey,  
Wait, eager to confess  
Our grief and loneliness,  
And for the gift of perfect pardon pray.

Earth's contact with the world has left a stain ;  
And I by wrong  
Hushed love's low song ;  
Now each, repentant, longs to feel again  
Upon her soiled face,  
Low leaning in disgrace,  
That kiss of peace that shall dispell her pain.

Earth knows the kind, mysterious touch of night  
Will make her pure ;  
And I, as sure  
You will forgive me, feel a strange delight  
In having vexed you, Dear,  
Now even brings you near,  
Because forgiveness makes your smile so bright.

## ROBESPIERRE

DREAMER of dreams on blood and terror fed !  
Master and victim of a golden tongue  
At whose mad music Paris lost her head  
And sang to see the life of old and young  
Ebb darkly in so full a tide of red !  
Was ever doom so dire from ill deeds wrung  
As when by fate, in coward anguish, led,  
You felt the knife to which your hate had clung !  
Poor "incorruptible" ghost, what is your rood ?  
Do captive words carve thoughts upon your brain  
While you roam dumbly through a multitude ?  
Or in the primer GOD compiled from pain  
Do you spell out a more compassionate mood,  
Till in the great word "Love !" you speak again ?

## HARVEST

OH ! the sweets o' the country, the gold of the dreams  
we dream !

Bees and flow'rs and quiet hours and music of bird and  
stream ;

Oh ! the scents and the singing, and the mysteries behind  
The magic days and the wondrous ways and the breath of  
the whispering wind !

Yea ; but for me the gold of dream and the sweets of  
Nature blend,—

Sap and dew, and honey and hue,—in the mystic heart of  
my Friend.

Out in the darling country GOD ripens the harvest  
year,—

Trees a-plume, and fruit a-bloom, and the flaming of the  
sere ;

Down in the heart of dreaming He deepens the growth  
divine,—

Faith and fire, and a long desire, and the grapes turned  
into wine ;

Yea ; but I reap the harvest too, in the thing that my  
Friend bids be,—  
Taste o' the true, an touch o' the blue in the heart that  
he gives to me.

Dream your dreams of the country, your dreams of the  
might-have-been,—  
Of the sweets that may in some golden day lie close for  
your hands to glean ;  
Dream your dreams, and be doing ; but hold one treasure  
fast ;  
For the GOD of the rose and the sunset glows made man,  
His best flower, last ;  
Yea ; we must work and wait and long, but however a  
fate debars,  
Each may hold in some heart of gold the flowers and the  
songs and the stars !

## THE BOUNDLESS KINGDOM

HOW wonderful thou art, my little soul !  
Out in the desert with the cloud and fire ;  
Forever travelling toward thy deep desire,—  
Far-hidden from thee in its perfect whole,  
But faintly known in part, within thy dream,  
As Love and Truth, amid the shows that seem.

Thou art, thyself, thy Promised Land ahead ;  
The Red Sea and the Jordan to be pass't ;  
The country of thy bondage, left at last ;  
The Mount whereon thy GOD's commands are said ;  
The tent which doth His Presence hold and hail ;  
The holy of holies curtained by the veil.

And all thy ground and all thy sky are GOD ;  
And all thy food, and all thy water, too ;  
And all the ways whereby thou comest through ;  
And all the strength wherein thy path is trod ;  
Thy Moses and thine Aaron, leading, He ;  
And all the judges of thy company.

Thou art a kingdom, ever reaching out ;  
Thou art a world that quickens day by day ;  
Thou art a heaven possible that may  
At any moment sun thy lands about ;  
Thou art what no horizon's stretch can hold,—  
Thou little thing made in so vast a mould.

All this I know by sitting here alone,—  
A spirit breathing in a quiet place,—  
Within whose breast, ev'n to itself scarce known,  
The thoughts and feelings throng toward GOD'S Face,  
Through light and shadow, by His Own Increase,—  
Discovering that immortal rapture, Peace.

## YOUTH

OLD world, I am young, I am young !  
Up the steps of the years,  
Through the rains of old tears,  
Past the mists of old fears,  
Treading doubts into faith,  
Grasping truth in each wraith  
From soul's cowardice sprung,  
I have climbed to the hill-tops of youth, beaten peace  
out of strife,  
Reached the hour that waits dawn in the shadow of death,  
which is life !  
I am young !

Old world, let the glory be rung  
O'er the texts of the sage,  
O'er the tempests that rage,  
O'er the terrors of age !  
With no staff but a cross,  
With no shield but my loss,  
Yet a song on my tongue,

I have conquered the days, trodden time underfoot,  
crossed the wild,  
Left the storms, and stand waiting, in heart and in spirit  
a child !  
I am young !

Old world, to whose bosom have clung  
Immemorial Springs,—  
In whose womb Nature brings  
Into shape her new things,—  
Bear my record ! I came  
Through the flood and the flame,  
Soul bleeding, heart wrung ;  
Children's children play round me, climb o'er me, and sit  
on my knees ;  
But with love in my heart, waiting birth, I am younger  
than these  
Who are young !

## TOO LATE

MY Friend who came to me, and, joining hands,  
The first fruits of devotion gave and took!  
Shall we strike out our names in friendship's book  
Because a foolish world misunderstands?  
Too late! Too late!  
Friendship once sealed is an eternal fate.

My Friend who hast been constant at my side  
In soul!, as I have ever been at thine,  
Shall we turn back upon this way divine  
Because gross hearts, obscenely blind, deride?  
Too late! Too late!  
Behind our vows is locked the Golden Gate.

My Friend who taught me that a mutual need  
Paves Heaven! and that service is the breath  
Of immortality, shall we bid death  
Annul the glory of our living deed?  
Too late! Too late!  
God's witness makes the bond inviolate.

My Friend! we needs must hold each other fast  
And cling to life, though all earth pass us by,  
Deriding coarsely. Hark! the gold stars cry  
In burning verities from Heaven's Vast  
Too late! Too late!  
Man's power shall not undo the God-create!"

From PRESS NOTICES of

# "THE WAY OF WONDER."

By MAY DONEY

(With an Introduction by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH).

(METHUEN & Co., LTD., 36, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.  
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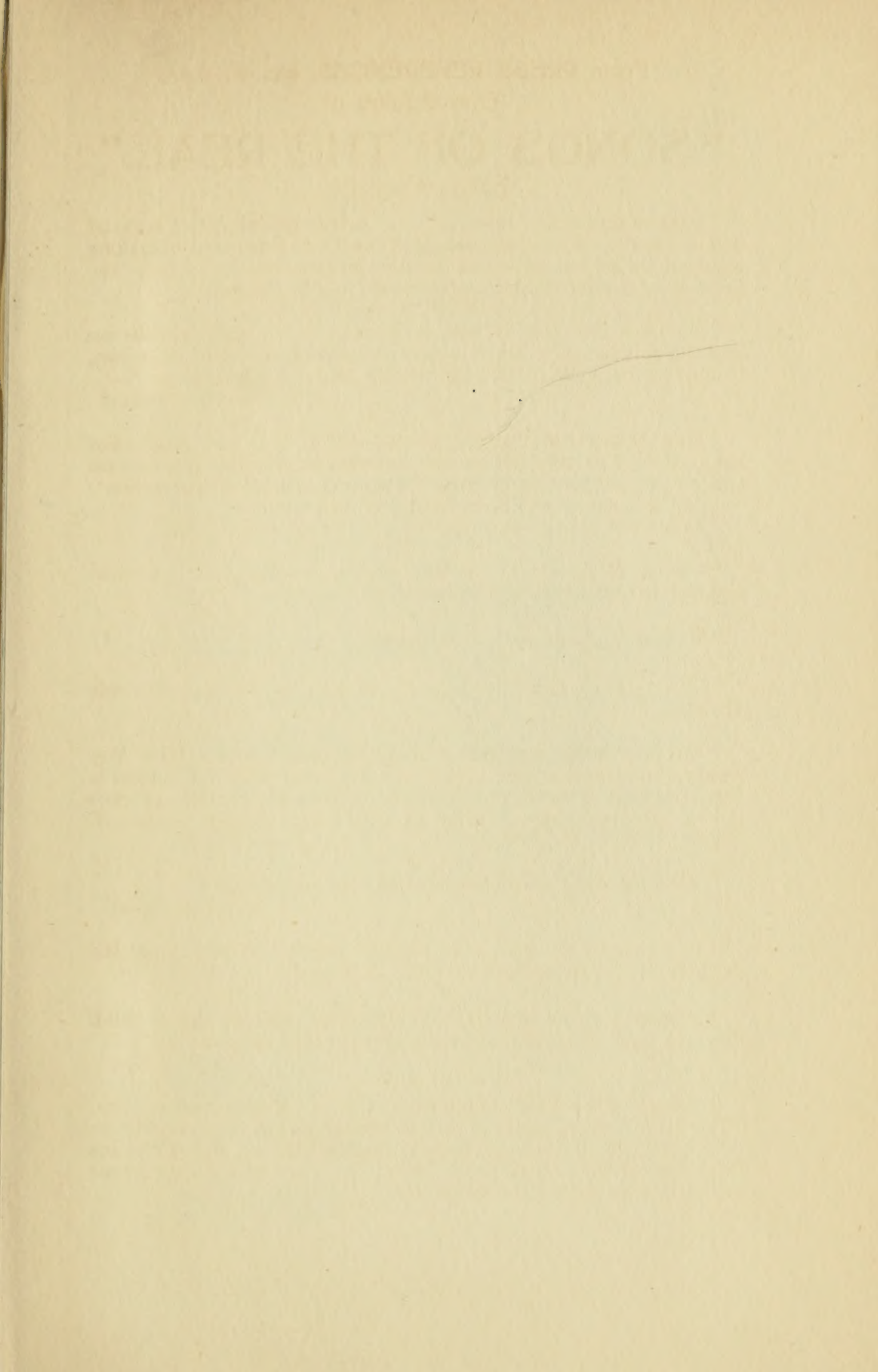
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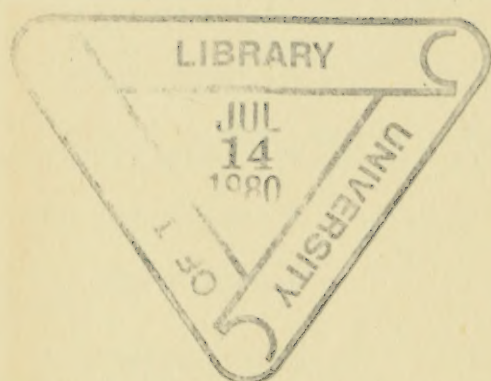
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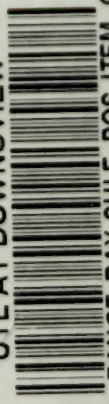
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